ECCENTRIC REMENYI.

THE FAMOUS VIOLINIST USED TO HIDE FOR YEARS AT A TIME.

The Delightful Fairy Story That the Genius Told a Little Girl After One of His Periodical Retirements From the Haunts of Men.

Edouard Remenyi, the famous violinist, was an eccentric genius in more ways than one, and many odd stories are told of his peculiarities. He was passionately fond of children and would give to them many hours at times when he might have employed himself to greater profit. One of the eccentricities of his nature was to lose himself about once so often, and when the world had concluded that he was dead from shipwreck or had been eaten by cannibals he would reappear, unchanged, smiling, fiddling. It was after the story had been current for three years that he and his ship had gone down one stormy night off the Australian coast that he came back to America and visited old Chicago friends, among them the very dear ones that he held at the Virginia hotel.

In this circle of friends was a little girl who had grieved over the supposed drowning of the fiddler because he had once played for her. When he returned, she was delighted, and at their first meeting she begged of Remenyi that he tell her of his adventures, where he had been, what he had suffered and how he had escaped. This is the story that he told her:

"My little friend," he said, "I was not shipwrecked. I was standing on the deck of my ship with my dear fiddle under my arm—you know I always keep it there, even when I sleep—and a big wind came up, and I was blown off the ship into the air. I thought I was going to drop into the ocean and would thereafter have to fiddle for the fishes, but the wind was so strong that I was carried right along until I came over Wirrawilla land. You don't know where that is, but I will tell you that it is in Australia, and my ship was off the coast of the island when I was taken by the wind. Over Wirrawilla land I went in a great hurry, still hugging my fiddle and thinking of you and the many friends who would wonder what became of me. I blew past Arundel plain and the Turret mountains and came into a great place of mountains and desert.

"The wind suddenly stopped, but not so quick but what I came gently down to earth right among a lot of people who were black and who were so tall that I could scarcely see their faces when I looked up. They did not understand my language, although I spoke to them in every tongue I knew, but when I took up my fiddle and drew the bow across the strings they all smiled. I thought I would try the 'Miller of the Dee' on them, so I gave them a few bars, and they were quite tickled. I was quite sure they would not kill me or eat me up. Anyway such a little, old, bald headed man as I am would not make good eating. They made signs to me, and I followed them up into the mountains until we came to a high place on which there was a throne, and on this throne sat a black man, who, I afterward learned, was 18 feet and 10 inches in height.

"By the side of this man stood a fiddle which was ten feet high and which had a bow nine feet and eight inches long. The strings on this fiddle were as thick as your wrist, and the bridge was made of pure ivory—so pure that the sunlight came through it in all colors. The big fellow sitting on the throne was a king, and I was placed before him. We could not talk to each other, but he motioned that I should play on my fiddle, and I did the best I knew how. Never did any one ever hear me play so sweetly or so well. I was very proud of my playing, and you know I have a right to think that I am the best fiddler even that you ever heard. When I had done, the big king said nothing, but he got out of his throne and, stooping down, picked me up and put me in it. Then he picked up his bow and struck a chord on his fiddle—the great fiddle so monstrous that its like exists nowhere else.

"Ah, I thought I could fiddle! But that fellow. He made the mountains tremble, the clouds stopped moving, the sun wiggled in its course, animals made no noise, and all the land was filled with music. When he touched softly, you could hear the summer rain falling on the leaves, smell the flowers in the forest, hear brooks laugh, feel the gentle wind. He was a monstrous player, and I, Remenyi, knew that I was not a fiddler—not as he.

"Well, he kept me there 3 years and 2 days, and we came to understand each other, and if he didn't enjoy my fiddling I did his and learned many little tricks, which I have brought back with me and which you shall see in time. When I left him, I told him that I would come back some day, and will, but not for many years, I fear, many years. But such a fiddle as he had and such a bow and such music. I'm glad the rest of the world does not know of him, dear, else they would never care to hear me fiddle again."

"Is it true?" asked the little girl, her eyes almost popping out of her head.

"Just as true," said Remenyi, "as that I was shipwrecked, eaten up, burned at the stake or hung."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Corn Crops Ruined.

Capt. D. J. Griffith, superintendent of the penitentiary, returned from the State farm yesterday and tells of a bad state of affairs on the bottom lands of the DeSaussure farm. The young corn on 250 acres has been completely destroyed by worms, bugs and other pests. He brought back a number of specimens of stalks ruined by the depredations of the worm. The stalks are eaten almost through and the leaves are shredded.

A few acres on the Reid farm have suffered in like manner and a number of neighboring farmers state that their bottom lands have been visited by the pests. The uplands have fared better, and for this reason Capt. Griffith thinks the vermin germinated in the spring freshets which flooded the lowlands.—*The State, July 5.*

— Worry never cures an evil; but it sometimes relieves the monotony of too much happiness.

A SINGLE HAIR.

It Led to the Arrest and Conviction of a Postal Thief.

"The least thing I ever heard of that put a man in prison was the clew that took me over the road between here and New York about a dozen times in 1873, when I was an inspector in the postal service," said an old sleuth the other day to another who had just told a good story.

"It was an old case. It had been on the books a long while. Four or five good men had taken a try at it, but the fellow was too sly, and he kept taking letters, and we could never take him. The complaints pointed pretty closely to the spot where the trouble was, but when we got there we were completely baffled.

"I had myself worked on the job a little and gone at something else. In all these detective cases it is in nine times out of ten a mere chance that leads to success. One day I happened to take out of a pigeonhole in my desk a bunch of decoy letters that had been sent over the line to catch this sharp rascal, who was robbing Washington people of their remittances to New York. Somehow I slid my knife through the sealed joints of an envelope, and there, caught in a corner, was a short black hair. The flap of the envelope looked as if it had not been meddled with. Yet it had been opened, and a dollar bill duly marked had been taken out and the envelope sealed up and put back in the mail.

"I took the hair up as carefully as if it had been a diamond I had found. I knew that just across Seventh street was a friend of mine, now dead, who had a powerful microscope. I rushed up to his office and asked him to let me use his instrument a moment. Under the glass the hair seemed to be one from a man's mustache. I looked at it a long while, and so did my friend. We agreed that it was a whisker, sure enough, and I was confident it was a piece of the thief we wanted to catch. If we had stopped there and gone after him we should have failed again as completely as ever before. To make assurance doubly sure I went to an optician, and he put the hair under the most powerful microscope he had. Almost without hesitation he said: 'This is not a black hair, but a red one dyed black. It is red at the end.'

"I looked for myself, and sure enough it was so. I went back to the office, put my desk in order, got all the data in this case, and that night started over the line to New York once more. We were satisfied the thief worked between Philadelphia and New York, so I took it easy until I got to the Delaware river. Then I got down to business. I saw every man that handled through pouches from there on to New York, and I took a mental photograph of every mustache in the service between Philadelphia and New York. I looked for black mustaches and for red ones, and I was especially interested in any that had the least sign of being dyed. At Trenton I found a red mustache, but I went on to the end of the route still looking for another of that shade. I found none. That chap was my man. I came back home and for a week played toss and catch with him, sending through his hands perhaps 50 decoy letters, some with stamps in them, some with $1 bills and some with money orders. In less than two weeks we had him, and he went over the road for two years and eight months, and the trouble stopped.

"It all began with my finding that one little stubby hair in the corner of that envelope."—Washington Star.

Odd Methods of Washing.

The hardest worked washerwomen in the world are the Koreans. They have to wash about a dozen dresses for their husbands, and inasmuch as every man wears pantaloons or drawers so baggy that they come up to his neck like those of a clown, they have plenty to do. The washing is usually done in cold water and often in running streams. The clothes are pounded with paddles until they shine like a shirt front fresh from a Chinese laundry.

The Chinese rip their garments apart for every washing, and they iron their clothes by spreading them on a flat board and leaning this up against the house to dry. The sun takes the wrinkles out of dry clothes, and some of them have quite a luster.

The Japanese woman does her washing out of doors. Her washtub is not more than six inches high and is about as big around as the average dishpan. She sometimes uses Japanese soap, which is full of grease, and works away with her bare feet. The Chinese girls do their washing in much the same way.—Kansas City Journal.

An Artificial Silver Mine.

In one corner of the melting room at the New Orleans mint is a large iron tank in which the newly cast silver bars are dropped, hissing, to cool off. At the end of a hard day's work the surface of the water shows a faint rainbow hued scum, like the metallic luster of stagnant pools, seen near a dyehouse. It comes in part from microscopic flakes of silver that have scaled off in the cooling. The water, when changed, runs down a pipe that terminates in the bottom of a cistern, which contains a layer of mud a couple of feet deep. As the water seeps up and through, the mud acts as a filter and catches the particles of precious silver metal, so in time it becomes an artificial silver mine. Once every quarter the stuff is scooped out and passed through a reduction process. The result is a silver brick, worth maybe $50.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Her Mean Amusement.

"I love to make visits in the morning."

"Do you?"

"Yes. All the other women are busy cleaning house, and it is so funny to see them try to act glad to see me."—Detroit Free Press.

"I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for years and always with good results," says Mr. W. B. Cooper, of El Rio, Cal. "For small children we find it especially effective." For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

— Flies seem to know that a red-nosed man is liable to make something with sugar in it at any moment.

— A man is always busy attending to his own affairs when there is an unfinished piece of work to be performed.

Stage Fright.

"I wish I could discover some practical cure for stage fright," remarked a member of one of the dramatic companies now playing in this city. "I have been in the business for nearly 20 years, and one would naturally suppose that anything like mere timidity in facing an audience would have worn off too long ago to talk about. But it hasn't, and the worst of it is that the confounded panic is certain to seize me at some unexpected moment. The most trivial incident will bring it on.

"For example, I was standing in the wings one night and read a paragraph in a scrap of newspaper about a man who had lost his memory. It turned out to be an advertisement, but I couldn't get the story out of my mind, and the first thing I knew I was wondering whether I wasn't going to forget my lines. The more I brooded over it the more anxious I became, and at last I worked myself into a really pitiable condition. When the cue came for my entrance, I was so badly scared that my knees knocked together, and I felt persuaded that I would make a hash of all my longer speeches. Of course the feeling soon wore off, and inside of five minutes there wasn't a vestige of it left, but it was certainly agony while it lasted.

"In all my experience I have never encountered a single actor who was entirely immune from stage fright, and some of the very best of them have it to an extent that is simply incredible. Why, I have seen big, robust men shedding tears of pure terror and declaring they would faint if they tried to go on. If some fellow would invent a panacea for the malady he would get richer than the Rothschilds before the end of another season."—Boston Journal.

A Wise Old Gobbler.

A farmer living in Hartford county has for many years very often invited the preachers of a Sunday to take dinner with him, and, of course, as all preachers are very fond of fowls, his wife would have some killed and prepared for dinner. And, strange to say, but nevertheless true, all his old gobblers and roosters by some means could tell a preacher by his looks, and just as soon as a preacher drove up to the house the old gobblers and roosters would call all their families to hide under the big barn and stay there until the preachers left. But upon one occasion two preachers drove up, and no turkeys or chickens could be found anywhere. But after dinner one of the preachers left and the old rooster came out and flopped his wings and told his family that the preachers were gone, but the old gobbler was not satisfied and poked his head out and said, "Doubtful, doubtful, doubtful."

That was the first time that I ever knew that any of the dumb creation could count, as the old gobbler was certain that two preachers had driven to the house.—Forest and Stream.

Laws Against Beggars.

Begging was a capital offense in England in the days of Henry VIII, when the laws were very severe against beggars, and, under a statute passed in that reign, any one caught begging for the first time, being neither aged nor infirm, was whipped at the cart's tail. If caught a second time, his ear was slit or bored through with a hot iron. If caught a third time, he suffered death as a felon, unless some honest person having £10 in goods or 40 shillings in land or some householder approved by the justices would take the offender into his service for two years, entering into a bond of £10. So the law of England remained for 60 years. First enacted by Henry VIII, it continued unrepealed through the reigns of Edward and Mary. Reconsidered under Elizabeth, the same law was again formally passed, the two legislative houses thereby expressing their conviction that it was better for a man not to live at all than to live the life of a beggar.

Where the Compass Came From.

The earliest references to the use of the mariner's compass are to be found in Chinese history, from which we learn how in the sixty-fourth year of the reign of Hoang-ti (2634 B. C.) the emperor attacked Tchi-yeon on the plains of Tchou-lou and, finding his army embarrassed by a thick fog raised by the enemy, constructed an instrument for indicating the south, so as to distinguish the four cardinal points, and was thus enabled to pursue his adversary and capture him.

The power of the loadstone to communicate polarity to iron is said to be for the first time explicitly mentioned in a Chinese dictionary, finished in A. D. 121, where the loadstone is defined as "a stone with which an attraction can be given to the needle."

The Chinese appear to have once navigated as far as India by the aid of the campass.—Kansas City Times.

Rudyard Kipling's Error.

I wrote to Kipling, telling him that a man who could write as he could should go home to England, to London, where fame could be won, but he replied in a characteristic letter which may be published some day:

"You ought to know better at your time o' life than to knock a youngster off his legs in this way. How do you expect any one will be able to hold me after your letters?

"Would you be astonished if I told you than I look forward to nothing but an Indian journalist's career? Why should I? My home's here, my people are out here, all the friends I know are out here, and all the interests I have are out here. Why should I go home? Any fool can put up rhymes, and the market is full of boys who could undersell me as soon as I put my foot in it."—Literature.

Extreme Optimism.

"Pa, what is an extreme optimist?"

"An idiot who fancies he'll find his wife asleep at 2 a. m."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

— Energy sometimes brings success, but success always brings energy.

— There is only one sudden death among women to eight among men.

FEMININE ABILITY WASTED.

The Making of a Good Poker Player. Fooling a Nearsighted Man.

"It has long been a pet theory of mine that woman is naturally a better poker player than man," said Colonel King, "and as a devoted admirer of both the sex and the game I feel that I am qualified to express this opinion. I am aware that most poker players allege that it is as difficult for a woman to play poker as to throw a stone. I can recall two women who could bluff me to a standstill and never wink an eyelid. Men are not in it when it comes to bluffing with a woman. It is natural in her and acquired in us. Let me tell you about my friend, Mrs. Smith.

"She would make a crackajack poker player if she would only try the game. She illustrates what I have said about bluffing, because she is an innocent little thing, hardly 20 years old, and she hasn't had time to acquire anything except a husband. I knew her father when he was in my regiment, and I have kept track of her ever since she was 5 years old. Her father was our surgeon major, and a fine fellow, with a leaning toward botany and such things. In recent years he has grown nearsighted. He will do anything for his daughter, and she works him beautifully. He and I were dining with the Smiths after their marriage last winter, and the major said:

"'My dear, that fern which you have on the table is a disgrace. Why don't you get something really good?'

"'Can't afford it just now,' said Mrs. Smith suggestively.

"'Well, I will get it for you,' said the major.

"Mrs. Smith then told of a beautiful fern which she had seen at Blank's hothouse to be sold for $12. I don't know anything about those things, but when she described the fern to the major he said it was just what she should have, and he gave her the money to buy it. When he dined with the Smiths again, the fern was in the center of the table, and the major peered at it through his glasses and told her that she had a bargain. Before he left the table Mrs. Smith put a tablespoonful of water on the fern, and the major poured on a little more from his glass.

"'Not too much water, you know, and the fern will thrive,' he said.

"Every night when we dined at the Smiths the major took delight in pouring a little water on his fern, as he called it, and one night last week he said casually:

"'It is odd that that fern hasn't grown since you got it. It looks healthy, and it should have thrown out a new leaf or two.'

"'Oh, it has grown a lot,' said Mrs. Smith, and if I had not caught a suspicion of a smile on her husband's face I would not have noticed the remark. It set me thinking. I don't know anything about ferns, but I have pretty good eyes. I looked closely at this one, and as we left the table I felt of it. When I had an opportunity, I said to Mrs. Smith:

"'I've called your bluff.'

"'What bluff, colonel?' she said, looking as if she had never heard the word before.

"'The fern,' said I. 'It's artificial, and it isn't a good make believe, either. Letting your poor old father put water on it, too! What are you going to do about it?'

"She showed her hand at this call. The artificial fern cost her $1, and with the other $11 she bought gloves.

"'Don't give me away,' she said, 'and father will not know the difference.'

"'What will you do to persuade him that it is growing?'

"'I'll buy a little larger one in a few weeks.'

"We dined there last night again, and as Mrs. Smith and the major each generously put a little water on this artificial fern I thought to myself 'What a great poker player that girl might become!' I hate to see such ability wasted on fooling a nearsighted man, but perhaps Mrs. Smith wouldn't be as interesting if she did play poker. However, she illustrates my theory, and there are others."—New York Sun.

Prompt Agreement.

"Only a fool would agree with a woman!" he asserted angrily.

"Precisely!" she replied.—Chicago Post.

— An immense whiskey trust, which will control 95 per cent. of the output in the United States, with a working capital of $125,000,000, has been organized in New York.

New Methods in Advertising.

Railway companies are adopting new and unique methods of advertising, as is demonstrated by the publication in the Four Track Series of the New York Central Road, of what is now becoming widely known and somewhat famous, "A message to Garcia," by Elbert Hubbard, of the Phillistine Magazine, which itself is a peculiar and interesting publication as relating to magazines of the present day.

This article is attracting widespread attention, and has been answered by a writer in "The Mirror," published at St. Louis, under date of June 15, 1899, entitled "A Message to Hubbard," which gives the other side of the American employe.

The Southern Railway, the leading Southern system, spreading from Washington to the Mississippi River, and grid-ironing the South, and the only line to "The Land of the Sky" section of western North Carolina, has also issued a publication out of the ordinary, in the shape of an attractive booklet entitled "A Night on Mount Mitchell," by Henry Litchfield West, one of the leading editorial writers of the Washington Post, a paper widely and favorably known for the ability displayed in its editorial and political columns. This story is a description of an ascension to the very top of Mount Mitchell, which is the highest mountain peak east of the Rocky Mountains, and 400 feet higher than Mount Washington, upon which has been erected a monument to Professor Mitchell, after whom the mountain is named.

The story is replete with interest, and thrilling in detailing a trip which may be taken by any traveler for health or pleasure, and reminds one of Talmadge's description of Lookout Mountain, when he stood upon its heights and delivered the following oration, which is reproduced for its graphic description of a location famous in American history:

"The carriage wound its way up, up, up. Standing there on the tip-tip rock, I saw five States of the Union. Scenes stupendous and overwhelming. One almost is disposed to take off his hat in the presence of what seems to be the grandest prospect of this continent. There is Missionary Ridge, the beach against which the red billows of Federal and Confederate courage surged and broke. There are the blue mountains of North and South Carolina. With strain of vision, there is Kentucky, there is Virginia. At our feet, Chattanooga and Chickamauga, the pronunciation of which proper names will thrill ages to come with thoughts of valor and desperation and agony. Looking each way, and any way, from the top of that mountain, earthworks, earthworks—the beautiful Tennessee winding along through the valley, curling and coiling around, making letter "S" after letter "S," as if that letter stood for shame, that brothers should have gone into massacre with each other, while God and nations looked on. I have stood on Mount Washington, and on the Sierra Nevadas, and on the Alps, but I never saw so far as from the top of Lookout Mountain."

Copies of this booklet and other interesting publications on "The Land of the Sky" section and "Lookout Mountain" may be obtained from W. A. Turk, General Passenger Agent, Southern Railway, Washington, D. C.

Mountain Lion's Feelings.

"People who imagine that animals haven't got feelings don't know what they are talking about," said the Yellowstone Park guide as he sat cleaning his rifle. "I was cutting a trail around one of the spoutin' springs one day, and, gettin' warmed up, I threw my coat over the end of a log. By and by I went off to hunt for a drink of water, and it was perhaps half an hour before I returned to my work.

"When I came up it was to see a whalin' big mountain lion creepin' along to spring on the coat. It was over the log in a way to make it look like a man stoopin' down, and the lion was nicely deceived. He skulked up to within eighteen feet of the log, crouched flat for a moment and laid back his ears, and then he made two jumps of it. Greased lightnin' wasn't in it with that critter. It was like a big ball of fur shot from a cannon, and as he flew he uttered a screech which brought my hair on end. If that coat had been a man he wouldn't have had time to say gum. The lion lit down on it with claws and teeth ready for business, and in five seconds the garment was cut into carpet rags.

"Then he realized the cheat, and you never saw a human bein' look so foolish. His tail went down to the earth, the fire died out of his eyes, and he'd have given $40 for some one to kick him up hill. His chagrin was so plain that I laughed right out, and that broke his heart. He looked at me and whimpered like a puppy, and when I asked if his mother knew he was out he fetched a sort of sob in his throat and sneaked off like a dog caught killing sheep. If I could have run fast enough to have caught him by the tail he wouldn't have even looked back. He knew he had made a fool of himself, and he wanted to go off and hide and have a long think."

Unreliable.

The author of "Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen" tells a story of the Civil war, when the days dragged gloomily in anticipation of news from the front and when grief was likely to overtake any who had boys in the ranks. He says:

One night the postmaster was reading aloud the names of the killed at Gettysburg, and he ran down to the name of a youth he knew. The boy's father sat there on a nail keg, chewing a straw. The postmaster, for his sake, tried to shuffle over the name and hurry to the next.

"Hi!" said the father. "Wha-what's that you said?"

There was nothing to do but face the issue, and the postmaster repeated with a forced calmness:

"Killed—Snyder, Hiram."

The boy's father stood up with a jerk. Then he sat down. Then he stood up again, staggered to the door and fumbled for the latch like a blind man.

"God help him!" said the postmaster, wiping his eyes with his red handkerchief. "He's gone to tell the old woman."

The minister preached a funeral sermon for the boy, and on the little pyramid that marked the family lot in the burying ground they carved the inscription:

"Killed in honorable battle, Hiram Snyder, aged 19."

Not long afterward strange, yellow-bearded men in faded blue began to arrive. Great welcomes were given them, and many a big gathering was held in their honor. At one such gathering a ghost appeared—a lank, saffron ghost, ragged as a scarecrow, wearing the cape of a cavalryman's overcoat, with no coat beneath.

The apparition was a youth of about 20, with a downy beard all over his face and a countenance well mellowed with coal soot, as he had ridden several days on the top of a freight car near the engine. The ghost was Hiram Snyder.

We forgave him the shock of surprise he had caused us—all except the minister who had preached his funeral sermon. Years afterward I heard the minister remark in a solemn and aggrieved tone:

"Hiram Snyder is a man who cannot be relied upon."

An Age of Falsehood.

ATLANTA, GA., July 15.—Bishop Morrison spoke from the pulpit of the First Methodist church to-day to the Freemasons of Atlanta. In the course of his sermon the bishop said: "It has seemed to me of late that the present is an age of insincerity, an age of falsehood and the status of society and of our business life will bear me out. Thousands of men will not tell the truth unless they know they can make something by it. The moral decay of the present age is due to this disregard for truth. Lies are put up in packages, sent out in barrels and hung on hooks. Men are justifying themselves with the fact that their acts are common.

"That embalmed beef sent to Cuba is no worse than we get to-day. I believe that the large death list in this country which is daily growing greater, is due directly to the dishonest adulterations of the food which goes in the homes of our country. The whole commercial world is honeycombed with untruthfulness, and the inordinate love of money which has taken hold of our people is at the bottom of it.

"There are men in Atlanta to-day who have been running to money so long that while their wealth is five times as great as formerly their reputation and their influence for good in the community is more than five times as small as it was before."

Sheriff Kills His Deputy.

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 9.—At the jail door in Union yesterday Sheriff J. G. Long, who has held that office for many years, fired both barrels of a shotgun at J. G. Gallman, his deputy sheriff and life-long friend. One load of buckshot entered the side and the other took effect in the throat, both tearing big holes and producing instant dea

There had never been any qua between the men; they had been frie long before Gallman became dep but it seems that the deputy had b drinking, and when Sheriff Long as him what he was going to do, answe that it was none of his business. I made some sharp response, and G man drew his pistol. The sheriff, was standing in his door, stepped b and got a shotgun from the cor Coming to the door again, with weapon ready, he fired both barrel quick succession at close range.

It is said the deputy had a dange temper.

A coroner's jury returned a ve of justifiable homicide.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers be permanently. They lend gentle as ance to nature, causing no pain weakness, permanently curing co pation and liver ailments. Pharmacy.

— Not one drop of intoxicati quor is allowed to be sold at a the military camps of Canada.

— China plates, cups and sa must never be piled up when ho the heat causes the glaze to crack

— The fifth centennial of the birth of Gutenberg, the inventor of the printing press, will be celebrated at Mainz in 1900, and the elaborate plans for the event are already concluded with Teutonic completeness.

Notice of Final Settlement.

THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Mrs. S. J. Hunt, dec'd, hereby gives notice that he will on the 3rd day of August, 1899, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator. Persons having claims against the Estate should present them, and those indebted should make payment before the day of Final Settlement.

W. T. HUNT, Adm'r.

June 28, 1899 1 5

CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY.

AUGUSTA AND ASHEVILLE SHORT LINE

In effect May 21, 1899.

Lv Augusta	9 40 am	1 40 pm
Ar Greenwood	11 50 am	
Ar Anderson		6 10 pm